THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind.

IT is grateful, sometimes, to retire from the employments of the noisy world, and seek amusement in the retreats of literature. There can be no higher pleasure, than the cultivation of the fine arts, to those who delight in the improvement of society, and who can enjoy the pleasing duty of labouring to advance the interests of posterity. The gradations of America, owing to various causes have, heretofore, been slow and imperceptible; and the minds of her children have been abstracted by the pursuits of ambition or of wealth, from an attention to elegant learning. But amidst the darkness, some coruscations have recently appeared, and the exertions of a few individuals promise to establish a basis, on which a superstructure shall be erected worthy a Greek or Roman name.* The flattering hopes that are entertained, by no means transgress the limits of probability, for circumstances sanction the expectations. A nation, munificent, prosperous, and free, will support an institution, designed with prudence, and established with firmness and zeal. At a time like this, observations on a particular art will not be deemed intrusion; because, however unworthy in themselves, they will be ennobled by the excellence of their theme.

It was a remark of the great Bacon, and universal experience confirms its truth, that in the rise of a nation the military arts flourished, during its maturity the liberal, and the arts of luxury when on its decline. Our infancy, which was rocked in the cradle of war, is passed, and we have not yet, I trust, arrived at the period of declension: we are then, precisely at the season represented by the philosopher, as adapted to the advancement of liberal science.

Poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture are properly termed the liberal arts. Where one has flourished, the others have generally followed in its train; so that the cultivation of one has been the cultivation of all. But the respective merits of each admit of a comparison. Judging then, either by the effects produced on our minds, or by the qualifications requisite to form a proficient, can we hesitate to bestow the laurel on the art of painting? Shades of Homer and of Virgil condemn me not for the decision! for the Iliad and Ænied owe their charms more to elegance of thought than refinement of numbers; more to the

* The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. I would encourage them in the words of Cicero: Pergite, ut et vobis honori, et amicis utilitati, et reipublicæ emolumento esse possitis! De Oratore.

richness of the mind from which they flowed, than to the splendour of dress with which they are encircled. Poets have been immortalized because they have been philosophers; and their precepts delivered in another form, would produce effects almost equally beneficial. Musick, the companion and sister of Poetry, may add her charms, but still their united efforts cannot surpass the beauties of painting.

Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt occulis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

Sculpture has exercised the labours of genius, and transmitted through the course of time, the features of illustrious men: but, except in the durability of its works, it shrinks from a comparison with painting; for the chill and inexpressive aspect, the beamless eye, the cold, and colourless lips, but feebly convey to the mind of the beholder, the character of the soul; while the canvas seems to live, to breathe, to speak, under the touch of a master's pencil. Sculpture indeed was not deemed unworthy the attention of Socrates; but he is not indebted to that employment for any of his fame. Socrates ennobled the art, but the art never added a single ray to the unclouded glory of Socrates.

Architecture is rather a useful than an elegant art. By the mere exertion of mechanical talents it may be improved to perfection, and its noblest efforts exhibit a display of taste and execution, but not the offspring of an original mind. A superiour painter must be a superiour genius. If he would depict *the human face divine*, how various, how extensive, how complicated must be his abilities! The proportioned position and accurate delineation of features, the appropriate degrees of light and shade, the vivid glow of colours, are but the least important of his objects. He must describe physically the anatomy of the body, he must enter into the very soul of his subject, and diffuse over the lifeless canvas, the *bright effluence* of genius, of benevolence, or of heroism. Even the minutest work of creation contains ten thousand beauties hidden from a vulgar eye, which the artist must elicit, and display in their various perfections. Nature must be studied in her simplest state. No words are presented, from which taste or judgment may select the most appropriate: no language is to be uttered, but the language of the heart. He must transfer his soul into another's bosom, and tracing to their sources, the springs of action, he must display their full maturity by the powers of his art.

Painting may be considered the prolifick mother of all science. Its origin is discernible in the hieroglyphicks of Egypt, which comprised the literature of the world; and which, representing by characters similar to the objects they expressed, the occurrences that could engage the attention of mankind, collected and preserved whatever was worthy of remembrance. These, we are told, had descended from the earliest periods of man, and indeed, in the fabulous legends of the east, had existed upwards of ten thousand years. The invention of letters by Cadmus, was but an improvement on an earlier art, and a substitution of an arbitrary for a certain character. Thus painting was the source whence written language was derived, and after giving birth to a language for philosophers, separated from her original design and formed a science for unlettered man.

Throwing off her original simplicity, Painting became more perfect, as the world advanced. Rapid improvements are discernible in the days of Zeuxis and Apelles; the art was cultivated with success in after ages, and at length arrived at a degree almost inimitable during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when Florence boasted the grandeur of Michael Angelo and the sweetness of Leonardo; Rome gloried in the expressive simplicity of her Raphael; the grace of Corregio adorned the school of Lombardy; and France and Flanders witnessed with paternal pride the labours of Le Brun and Reubens. In their

works the ignorant and the wise can jointly participate, and the benefits of their art have extended over every condition of men.

SALADIN.

In many of our daily prints poetical essays of great merit abound. Of these fugitives some are of a political complexion, which, nevertheless, deserve much of the attention of men of letters. The Gazette of the United States, some time since, introduced to the publick the ensuing classical poem, an imitation of the seventh eclogue of Virgil. Of this occidental pastoral the images are brilliant and the versification soft and pleasing.

In that bright season when the orb of day
Pours down from Cancer his refulgent ray,
When the ripe harvest waves its golden head,
And bounteous Nature's richest stores are spread,
Swelling with transports to but few allow'd,
I burst indignant from the senseless crowd.
Leaving to ——— the cares of state,
To me how little, but to some how great!
Forth to the fields I took my willing way,
Careless and free through Nature's walks to stray.
My lov'd pedometer, companion true,
Had scarce assum'd its station in my shoe,
When deck'd in hues fantastically bright,
An insect rose before my ravished sight.
Sudden I sprang to seize the shining prey!
Sudden it turn'd, and flittered far away.
Onward I mov'd, ambitious to obtain
The prize which monarchs might contend to gain,
Turned as it turned, with spirit unsubdued,
As it fled forward, forward I pursued.
The eager chase my footsteps soon had lead
Where rolls Potowmack through his shadowy bed.
But still undaunted, as the distance grew,
So grew my ardour, and my courage too.
At length the insect, feeble, faint and slow,
Flapped its broad wings and seemed to wait the blow.
How my heart bounded, when, with rapture warm,
To grasp the glittering prize I raised my arm;
How my heart sunk, when, rousing from its dream,
The treach'rous insect darted o'er the stream.
Hope, which sustain'd me with increasing force
Through the long windings of my devious course,
Now fled at once, and left me on the shore,
In tears my disappointment to deplore.
But soon the breeze, that wafted on its wing
The sweetest incense of retiring spring,
Shed o'er my languid limbs refreshing balm,
And lull'd my soul to philosophick calm.
While turning in my mind a thought that rose,
Why butterflies should deem mankind their foes,
Daphnis appear'd, whose sympathetick breast
Swelled with the sorrows that my tale expressed—
"But cease," he cried, "these accents of despair,
"The loss, though great, tomorrow may repair.
"In yonder bower beside the limpid stream,
"Where the thick foliage turns the solar beam,
"Two swains prepare, as simple nature moves,
"To sing, in artless strains, their distant loves;
"Osages both, both in the pride of youth,
"The self taught sons of Innocence and Truth."
Quick through my veins a pulse of rapture ran,
And my thoughts rose from butterflies to man.
Reclin'd at ease we found the amorous swains
Who thus contended in alternate strains;
Alternate strains in which the muse delights
Who guards of amorous swains the equal rights.

1*st. Os.* Bright are the beams that on his summit play,
When the Salt Mountain greets the god of day,
But brighter far the radiance of my fair
When bear's grease glitters on her jetty hair.

2*nd. Os.* Sweet are the odours that perfume the gale
When tall magnolias their scents exhale,
But sweeter far the fragrance of my love
When fish-fat odours through her tresses move.

1*st.* When from our sight Shawbonkin disappears,
The sad Salt Mountain melts in briny tears;
But when her presence gladdens all the plain,
The briny tears are chrystalized again.

2*nd.* The mammoth moans when Scuttawawbah 's gone,
And magpies murmur in lugubrious tone;
She comes, the mammoth gently swells his throat,
And magpies chatter in their softest note.

1*st.* When woods resound not with Shawbonkin's song,
In bubbling sighs Missouri creeps along;
But if her voice the list'ning grove employ,
Th' enraptured river undulates with joy.

2*nd.* If Scuttawawbah weeps, the frogs are mute,
And prairie dogs lie howling at her foot;
She smiles, the frogs their concert raise again,
And prairie dogs bound nimbly o'er the plain.

1*st.* When in the song Shawbonkin bears
the prize,
The rocks and vales in acclamation rise,
Shawbonkin's name the mountain god re-
sounds,
Th' harmonious name the echoing wood re-
bounds.

2*nd.* When Scuttawawbah triumphs in the
dance,
Mammoths and prairie dogs their heads ad-
vance,
And Scuttawawbah's animating sound
In joyful iteration flies around.

Here ceas'd the swains, and each with
downcast eyes
And modest mien, awaits th' expected prize.
Touch'd with the sight, ingenuous youths!
I cried,
My heart expanding with the noblest pride,
No wreath of conquest is to either due,
For both to nature and to love are true.
To each I grant equality of praise,
And here distribute the divided bays.

[We have repeatedly taken occasion to speak in terms of commendation of the Providence Gazette, a paper, in which politicks sometimes give place to literature. "The Adelphiad," frequently appears in this gazette, and has many attractions. The following appears to us a sensible article of criticism. We are no enthusiasts in favour of Bloomfield, but we think that the *suum cuique* ought always to be fairly awarded.]

THE ADELPHIAD.

Whatever may be thought, by those who delight to be spectators of newspaper pugilism, of the mode by which the respective combatants fight for the victory, some rules ought to be established before the battle begins. Criticks, who aspire to no more dignity on the literary stage, than common pugilists do on theirs, degrade the functions of their office, and their long-flowing robes give to the caricature all the gravity of burlesque. It resembles the contest of two grave doctors of divinity, who, instead of entering the lists with a decency becoming their profession, prove their orthodoxy by their fists, and leave their dishevelled wigs on the ground *for the benefit of the barber*. It becomes every one who feels for the welfare of letters, to enter his protest against such a pugnacular mode of deciding the controversies of Parnassus. Melpomene, or Clio, may be requested to retire from the stage of publick observance, without bearing around their eyes azure evidence of the delicacy of their opponents. Our modern descendants of Longinus have but half learned their trade; a faulty paragraph receives no quarter, it is given up to the sport and contempt of mankind; but the most brilliant passages they will not condescend to notice. That profound English critick, John Dennis, once attended a play, and observing some who had the temerity to laugh without his consent, rose from his seat in high dudgeon, and shook his cane at the audience. In short, our criticks ramble through the literary field, where many a beautiful flowret solicits their acceptance, present us with a nosegay of nettles, and confidently affirm that the soil abounds in nothing else. The admirers of Bloomfield with justice complain, that their bard has been thus unmercifully handled; that in quest of *latent deformity*, his criticks have neglected *obvious beauty*. If any man supposes that the friends of the poet admire him for those passages which his censurers have cited as the best effusions of his muse, he libels common sense. We will not waste one word of contempt on those, who sneer at the humility of the poet's occupation. It is a rancorous compliment paid to his genius, when his criticks abuse him, because his poverty once compelled him to the drudgery of a shoemaker. We are aware of, and are ready to admit the justification of some of his criticks, that they wrote for the purpose of finding fault *somewhere*, and lest they should not accomplish their object, adulterate a passage with their own nonsense, and then palm it on mankind as the poet's. One of them, for instance, desires to know what the bard means by the following line:

"The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful
bow:"

and with propriety thinks, that as Ceres was never put to the patronage of a dancing-master, she could not instruct her children in such a mode of salutation. Now, if our critick does not think it below his transcendent

dignity to *read* before he *condemns*, we would, with trembling diffidence, supplicate his attention to the preceding line:

"Shot up from broad rank blades, that droop *below*,
"The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful *bow*," or *curve*.

We hope that he will hereafter wait until Bloomfield does write nonsense, and not manufacture it on his own anvil. That Bloomfield has faults, and some *of an obtrusive kind*, we are not disposed to controvert; there is an evident struggle between his genius and education, in which sometimes, though seldom, the latter obtains the ascendancy; but its reign is short, and is succeeded by a defeat unexpected and glorious. We will now briefly exhibit Bloomfield as nature sometimes has exhibited him; and as his criticks have displayed the incrustation only, we will now throw out some casual glimpses of the diamond.

When Genius is occupied with the delightful task of portraying whatever lies within the ken of its own observance, how brilliant is the sketch!

"The small dust-coloured beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain leaf, a *spacious plain;*
Thence higher still by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the *summit of a shivering blade;*
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground."

The appropriation of the feelings of a man, when climbing a dangerous precipice, to the small and dust-coloured beetle, who gains the "summit" of a leaf, is beautifully poetick, and leads to the belief that angels look upon all the efforts of human ambition with the same degree of insignificance.

Those who slaughter the lower orders of creation, not for subsistence, but *amusement*, will find the following description accurate; and those whose pleasures are not derived from *torture*, will see and admire in the poet's painting, what they would despise and shrink from in the *original*. The poet addresses a dog:

"When the warm pack in faultering silence stood,
Thine was the note to rouse the list'ning wood;
Rekindling every joy in ten-fold force,
Through all the mazes of the tainted course.
Still foremost thou! the daring stream to cross,
And tempt along the animated horse;
Foremost o'er fen or level meed to pass,
And sweep the showering dew-drops from the grass;
Till *bright emerging* from the mists below,
To climb the woodland's hill-exulting brow."

Moonlight is the time when *lovers* delight to ramble; probably *some of our readers* may find that the following description is not at warfare with nature.

"He views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driven,
And all the glorious pageantry of heaven;
Low on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The *rising vapours catch the silver light;*
Thence Fancy measures as they parting fly,
Which first shall throw its shadow on the eye."

Even the foibles of this bard excite a vivid interest. We love to see Piety at the plough, while Infidelity too often resides in splendid mansions. Gratitude to God, and benevolence to mankind, assume a rustick dress. Fastidious is the taste that cannot pardon little opacities, where the countenance is elsewhere so luminous. We have no doubt that the rigid Johnson himself would have rejoiced in an opportunity to take such retiring merit by the hand, and to have assigned it a conspicuous place in his biographical temple. W.

MARTIAL.

Martial was a Spaniard, and born at Bilbilis about thirty years after Christ. As soon as he arrived at manhood he repaired to Rome. By his talents and flattery he recommended himself to the emperour Domitian. After his death he satirized his benefactor; and being disappointed in his hope of gaining the favour of his successour he returned to his native country, and died there at the age of seventy-five.

He has left fourteen books of epigrams; and so prolifick was his muse,

that she is said to have produced no fewer than twelve hundred, three-fourths of which might well have been suppressed.

They have come down to us in the best order, as he himself arranged them; and they retain the dedications at the head of each book. If this be a subject of congratulation to the learned, it will certainly not console them for the loss of so many of the works of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus.

Epigram is styled by Dryden the lowest sort of poetry; and it has been said that Martial, at the bottom of the hill, diverts himself with gathering flowers, and following insects very prettily. If he made a new year's gift, he sent with it a distich. If a friend died he wrote an epitaph. If a statue was erected he wrote an inscription. If he wished to please the great, his style was turned to panegyrick.

The first book is, indeed, a panegyrick on Domitian, against whom it would be more agreeable to peruse a satire. Then follow extravagant praises on the wonderful spectacles he exhibited to the people. This shows what importance the Romans attached to this species of magnificence, and at the same time how difficult it was to flatter this master passion of the emperour. Martial is often extremely reprehensible in the choice of his subject, and gives scope to an imagination not restrained by judgment or decorum. Sometimes he wearies the reader with the prolixity or ambiguity of his preambles. In giving praise and censure he appears to be governed more by prejudice or policy than by justice and truth; and he is more attentive to wit than to morals. But his composition has extraordinary merit. It is in general both correct and elegant; and his fancy is prolifick of beautiful images. In attick wit he surpasses every other writer, and is familiar with every kind of verse.

Pliny the younger observes of him, that perhaps his writings may not obtain immortality, but that he wrote as if he thought they deserved it.

The opinion of criticks on the subject of Roman poetry has been this—that from the first Punick war to the time of Augustus, that is, in the days of its youth, it was strong and nervous, but not beautiful; in the Augustan age it combined both, was manly and polite; from the beginning of Nerva's reign to the end of Adrian's, tawdry and feeble.

It is a sufficient proof of the decline of learning, and of taste in the latter period, when we are told that Virgil and Horace were dethroned from their legitimate seat of empire in the publick opinion, and that Lucan and Persius were the usurpers, who seized the sceptre, and reigned without control in their stead.

OF THE ORIGIN OF GRECIAN LITERATURE, AND OF THE EARLIEST WRITERS.

The invention of letters the Greeks derived from the Phœnicians, who being the first navigators, were led to invent written language for the greater security and despatch in their mercantile transactions.

As to their theology, it seemed more peculiarly their own; their oracles were peculiar; their worship of deified heroes connects them with the Gothick or Celtick nations; their sacrifices and funeral ceremonies were partly borrowed, and partly their own; but their fables of the Elysian Fields and Tartarus were taken from the Egyptians.

The Greeks, for their improvement in language, as well as in other arts, owed a great deal to the detached manner in which they lived in separate and independent states. The manners of two of the most distinct and distant nations in the world cannot be more different than were those of the Lacedemonians and Athenians; though they dwelt in each other's neighbourhood. The laws and institutions of their several founders and legislators, no doubt gave a different cast to the minds of the people; and this, heightened by the continual jealousy and distance which prevailed between them, gave rise, in a great measure, to that disparity both in manners and language which forms one of the most agreeable contrasts in the world.

But the Athenians bore away the palm, if not for military glory and purity of manners, at least for their progress in the arts, from all the states of Greece.

The nature of their government was such as gave more scope to their natural genius

than the Spartan polity did to theirs. As their rulers were generally set up and supported by the people, it became an object of concern to the former to court the favour of the latter by all means in their power.

As nothing could be more popular and powerful than eloquence, therefore this art was cultivated with the greatest industry and application. All the flowers of rhetorick and all the graces of speech were employed to work upon the minds of the people. Hence their language, naturally sweet, became more and more harmonious. Pure, nervous, and copious in its expression; and in its pace soft and majestick, it supplied, like a fine and vast river, those rich harvests of eloquence, history, and poetry, that flourished to such a degree in this favourable soil, as rendered Greece the wonder of the world.

There never was a language so excellent as the Greek, nor ever will be; as there never was so pure and rich a fountain from which to draw one, nor so many happy and concurrent circumstances to favour its refinement. And that there never will be one to compare with it, we may judge from the mixed state of all modern tongues. Indeed the French, in point of accuracy, approaches it the nearest; but in every other respect, it is as much inferiour, as the sound of a pipe is inferiour to the sound of an organ.

Even in Homer's time, and probably before it, the Greeks must have made great progress in literature. His poems are the most excellent, not only in regard of invention and language, but even of judgment and contrivance, that ever the world saw.

What helps or assistances he had either from his contemporaries, or those that went before him, we cannot with certainty tell; but, it is extremely probable, that in his time, Greece was highly improved in laws, government, sciences, and arts.

Besides the active and inquisitive nature of the Greeks, the institution of the Olympick games greatly favoured their intercourse with other nations, and their consequent improvements.

Not only military exercises, feats of strength, and activity of body, were tried at this tribunal, and received proportioned honours; but prizes were proposed to the efforts of genius; and literary merit departed crowned with the wreath that was at first adjudged only to exertions of the corporeal kind.

On this occasion it was that Herodotus, the father of historians, put in his claim for glory; and, in a full assembly of all Greece, recited aloud those nine books of history, which are still extant; and which, on account of their peculiar sweetness and elegance of style, were honoured by this august assembly with the name of the nine Muses.

Thucydides, we are told, being then but a boy, was so taken with them at their recital, and with the praises which the authour received, that he himself was inflamed with the like glorious ardour; and, from that moment, applied himself to the writing of history.

Hesiod mentions, in one of his poems, a contest that he had with a poetical rival, for the prize of poetry; and did he not add that he himself gained the victory, I should incline to believe that this rival was Homer; notwithstanding that Herodotus would make us believe the contrary, by placing Hesiod much later than Homer. I am so far of a different opinion, that I imagine he was a little elder, though still his contemporary. His total silence of Homer, during the course of his poems, very much countenances this opinion, and makes it probable that some rivalship and jealousy subsisted between them; as we find Virgil silent of Horace, perhaps for the same reason.

The simplicity of style observable in Hesiod is another argument in our favour. His subjects, indeed, are mostly didactick, and therefore less susceptible of embellishment than Homer's. In his *Theogonia* and *Shield of Hercules*, however, where he has most scope for the sublime, he exerts it indeed, but still with reserve and a tempered modesty. On the other hand, Homer, on great occasions, calls forth all his powers, and, though still simple in his language, blazes continually in the energy of his thoughts and fire of his descriptions.

As there is a striking similarity between the style of both poets, so it is probable that Homer, besides his expressions, might have borrowed his machinery from Hesiod. The *Theogonia* might have given him the first hint of introducing the gods into his work; which appears so useful an embellishment, that without it an epick poem loses half its beauty.

The *Shield of Hercules* may be considered as the prototype of the *Shield of Achilles*, and the very original from which it was drawn. After all, in point of genius, I think Hesiod bears hardly the same proportion to Homer, that Lucretius does to Virgil.

Homer was somewhat elder than Solomon, if he lived, as Herodotus says, 168 years after the Trojan war. But for the above reasons, I plant him near 200 years later, viz. about the first Olympiad, and a few years before the building of Rome.

It is observable that Hesiod's *Shield* has been imitated, not only by Homer, but by Virgil, Camoens, and Tasso, in their different poems, which proves what a beauty this poetical embellishment is deemed. The embroidered robe on the couch of Thetis, as described by Catullus, in his "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," a poem, is another beauty of a similar kind.

About the time of Servius Tullius, flourished the seven wise men of Greece; to whom succeeded Æsop the first writer of fables; and Pythagoras, who first called himself a philosopher. Before him, they were called wise men or sages.

Then likewise flourished the lyrick poets Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, Anacreon, and Pindar. Nor must we forget Minnermus, the first writer of love-elegies; whose maxim was:

Τι δε βιος; τι δε τερπνον αλες χρυσης Αφροδιτης;

All these were masters and first performers in the art; and set the example to the Romans to follow their steps in the different departments in which they chose to shine.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" which we scarcely need inform the reader is not only the oldest but the most respectable of the British Journals devoted to science and literature, the following article has recently appeared. The description, by an eye witness, of *Calpe's Rock*, so memorable for many a romantick adventure cannot but be interesting to most of our readers.

Particular description of the Rock of Gibraltar.

MR. URBAN,

Being at anchor lately in the Bay of Gibraltar, that wonderful place could not fail of exciting my curiosity to go ashore and examine more particularly the place. If the small account here subjoined should be worth preserving, it is at your service.

NAUTICUS.

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The Rock of Gibraltar is most wonderfully situated; its shape very much resembles a barn, but is of different colours; it runs out into the sea its whole length, which is about three miles, the extremity of which is called Europa point, from its being the most southern part of all Europe. The East side is bounded by the Mediterranean sea, the West by Gibraltar bay, North by the Spanish lines, South by the Straits of Gibraltar. The north end is highest, being one mile and a half. In a fine day, from here a person may see almost to Malaga, and the beautiful town of Estanpona by the sea side has a most delightful appearance. On the hills the Sun shines long after he has set at Gibraltar. The hills in Grenada are beyond it. From the top of the Rock may be seen the Straits of Gibraltar, Cabrita point (which with Europa point forms the bay) mountains in Spain, the town of Algeziras, the Queen of Spain's chair, the neutral ground, the Spanish lines, two rivers in Spain which communicate with the bay, very large rocks and hills in Africa, the town of Cena, Apeshill (Mount Abyla,) and almost to Tangier, and many other places.

On the East side, at the bottom of the Rock, which is nearly perpendicular and very cragged, is Cataline bay: here is but one house; there are several caves or holes in the Rock where the fishermen live; there is a garden belonging to the house, where the owner sells wine, porter, fish, &c. to those who go about the Rock examining its parts. The lower part of this side is sand: on the higher part grows a plant of which brooms are made: here are a few guns on this side. Between the house and Europa point high up in the Rock, is a cave, at the entrance of which are three stones, so much in the shape of men dressed in the Turkish habit, that I, as well as most other travellers, took them to be such, to the great amusement of my guide, who for that purpose asked me if I did not see three men sitting at the cave's mouth. Great part of this side Northward is sandy, at the bottom are also found muscles in plenty. On the West side at the bottom, is the town of Gibraltar, a very populous place, being some few of most nations but chiefly English and Spanish; these two last are the languages chiefly spoken. On this side, higher up, nearer Europa point, is a very large cave called St. Michæl's, the entrance is so very steep that it is descended with some difficulty; from this place are several avenues, or a great many windings and narrow places, of which no one has ever found the end, though attempted by many: some believe they go under the Mediterranean sea Eastward, but one or two go different ways; it is said that one goes through the Rock to the town, another finds its way out at a little distance from the entrance: the water keeps drippin

through the top, and forms several curious petrefactions, and some pillars are formed of great thickness, some hang like isicles; there are a great number of loose stones in the bottom. On this side near the north is a large old castle, called the Moorish Castle, being built by them when in their possession; it is all brick, but so thick that it has resisted a great number of shot, which may plainly be seen by its side; a continuation of the building to the sea side is formed by a kind of wall. Between this and the north end are several caves cut through the rock, out of which are pointed a number of guns in nearly all directions, but most command the land side, or Neutral Ground.* Each has its name, as St. George's Cave, Lord Cornwallis's Cave; the latter is very spacious. The magazines are also in the rock. To these places a soldier attends the company. The north end is very steep, almost perpendicular; here are also several guns and large mortars, with shot and hand granades piled up in order and always ready. In looking southward along the top of the rock, the middle is considerably lower; but rises again at the other end, where is a single tower; and beyond that is Windmill Hill, where it descends sometimes gradually, sometimes steep, till it terminates in the sea, where it is called Europa point, as before mentioned; the lowest part between the north end and Windmill Hill is called the Saddle of the rock. Here are some buildings for the guns at North End: they point mostly to the Spanish lines and batteries, of which there are two; one battery north east commands the bay, the other on the west coast near the Mediterranean sea. From the north end to Windmill Hill the top of the rock resembles the ridge of a house or barn, so narrow that no one can walk on it, but very craggy. North End,† as before said, is half a league high down to the Neutral Ground; the signal lower informs the town and the ships in the bay what ships are coming east or west, and of what nation.‡ Under the signal tower are two guns, one of which fires every night at sunset, and eight o'clock in winter, nine in summer, and daybreak every morning, called the sunset gun.

At Windmill Hill is a signal tower, but never used: sentinels are constantly at all these places. From Windmill Hill in the descent to Europa point is a large stone handsomely cut in the rock; here also are mortars pointing to the Straits: in this part is a red kind of earth, of which a few bricks are made: both prickly pears and geraniums grow here spontaneously, to a great height, and a specie of aloe, called Adam's Thread: but the thread when extracted appears more like horse-hair, being stiff if kept till dry; some make fishing lines of it; it is a curious plant, but has no offensive smell: in Spain it grows to about ten feet. Here is a stone also, of a slate colour, from which diamonds are extracted; but they are so very small as not to be worth the labour of breaking and searching for them. Great guns are also placed from Europa point to the north end, at the bottom of the Rock, of 32 and 42 pounders, with iron trucks. Several elm trees grow on the west side: and one very large one, my guide told me, was a locust or wild honey tree. In the gardens are cultivated orange-trees, palms, almond trees, &c. The west side is far from being a regular slope; in one place it is so steep that a large piece of rock is broken off, but it is secured with a kind of iron dogs to keep from rolling down upon the houses below. On the west side are two moles, one near the north end, and the other the south. Also a con-

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* The only entrance by land.

† Monkies inhabit this part; some very large, but whatever way the wind blows they always get on the lee side of the rock; people may take them, but are not allowed to kill one on any account.

‡ A stone thrown from this place, a person may count 130 quick, before it reaches the sea on the sea side.

venient dock-yard, and a place where boats land, called the Ragged Staff: the Lazaretto* is also at the north end, where are also most of the small craft and merchants. Here is generally a kind of market held of fowls, pieces of raw sugar cane, &c.; to enter the town at this end you must pass the sallyport. Exclusive of the guns before mentioned, are many more at the north end, which makes it impregnable; also grates ready to heat the shot if required. At the north end, part of the rock is blown up for building. From this place northward, is sand for a mile, called the Neutral Ground, where the Spanish lines cross the place from sea to sea: the two Spanish batteries are one at each extremity, and here are the Spanish sentinels.——Though Gibraltar is in Spain, yet it is called going into Spain when this place is passed going northward. By the sea side on the Neutral Ground, are found a variety of beautiful shells; on the east side are found innumerable quantities of razor fish, shell or knife-handled solens, and a great number of others of different descriptions, but no Echinites: but on the west side of Neutral Ground are Echinites, but no razor fish to be seen, and but few others; here are star-fish and sea-eggs, or urchins prickly; and a Caput Medusa was found at the bottom of the bay in about 20 fathoms. The chief part of the town is between the middle of the rock and the Moorish Castle. The hospital, which has an elegant appearance, and the barracks, are nearer Europa point; also the burying ground: but the church (the only English one in the place) is adjoining to the gov. house, whither all the English repair; it is not very large; in this church, or more properly chapel, is interred gen. O'Hara, late governour of this place. The Spanish church is not far distant; in it are the images of the Virgin Mary, and several others in wax-work, dressed in black silk; and over the altar stands the large figure of Joseph of Arimathea, at which all bow after returning from the altar; there are also a great many very beautiful paintings. Here are a number of Spaniards, whose customs and manners differ from the English in wearing cloaks, or some great coats, with only the left arm in the sleeve, the other thrown over the shoulder, and seldom go out but with a çigarr or pipe in their mouths, but the former is chiefly perferred. There is also a sect which dresses different from others; their heads are shaved, and their beards grow, wear a kind of cap, a shirt with scarce any collar, white waistcoat, buttons down the middle, over that a red one, and outermost a short black kind of gown or coat, so contrived that all are seen, the red one buttoning but half way, and the outer one scarce at all.

Mount Abyla stands opposite to Gibraltar, or Mount Calpe, which are the Pillars of Hercules; the former has by no means a pleasing appearance: the top is in general enveloped with clouds. The town of Ceuta appears strongly fortified opposite Gibraltar.—Sancta Roque is about three or four miles, stands very high, and has a pleasing appearance; it is a stony soil, but productive, and there is a fine view of Gibraltar from St. Roque. On the top of a hill or mountain between St. Roque and Gibraltar, stands a small building, somewhat like a castle, called the Queen of Spain's chair; where it is said she with some friends retired, with a vow not to leave that place till Gibraltar was taken; how far that is true the reader must judge; however, it has a beautiful picturesque view, being the only building on the hill.

* Near this place is a battery terminating in the east, called the Devil's Tongue.

DUTIES.

From Burke's Maxims.

Neither the few nor the many have a right to act merely by their will, in any matter connected with duty, trust, engagement or obligation. The constitution of a country being once settled upon some compact, tacit or expressed, there is no power existing of force to alter it, without the breach of the covenant, or the consent of all the

parties. Such is the nature of a contract. And the votes of a majority of the people, whatever their infamous flatterers may teach in order to corrupt their minds, cannot alter the moral any more than they can alter the physical essence of things. The people are not to be taught to think lightly of their engagements to their governours; else they teach governours to think lightly of their engagements towards them. In that kind of game in the end the people are sure to be losers. To flatter them into a contempt of faith, truth, and justice, is to ruin them; for in these virtues consists their whole safety. To flatter any man, or any part of mankind, in any description, by asserting, that in engagements he or they are free whilst any other human creature is bound, is ultimately to vest the rule of morality in the pleasure of those who ought to be rigidly submitted to it; to subject the sovereign reason of the world to the caprices of weak and giddy men.

But, as no one of us men can dispense with publick or private faith, or with any other tie of moral obligation, so neither can any number of us. The number engaged in crimes, instead of turning them into laudable acts, only augments the quantity and intensity of the guilt.

I am well aware, that men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duty. This is of course; because every duty is a limitation of some power. Indeed, arbitrary power is so much to the depraved taste of the vulgar, of the vulgar of every description, that almost all the dissensions which lacerate the commonwealth, are not concerning the manner in which it is to be exercised, but concerning the hands in which it is to be placed. Somewhere they are resolved to have it. Whether they desire it to be vested in the many or the few, depends with most men upon the chance which they imagine they themselves may have of partaking in the exercise of that arbitrary sway, in the one mode or in the other.

It is not necessary to teach men to thirst after power. But it is very expedient that, by moral instruction, they should be taught, and by their civil constitutions they should be compelled, to put many restrictions upon the immoderate exercise of it, and the inordinate desire. The best method of obtaining these two great points forms the important, but at the same time, the difficult problem to the true statesman. He thinks of the place in which political power is to be lodged, with no other attention, than as it may render the more or the less practicable, its salutary restraint, and its prudent direction. For this reason no legislator, at any period of the world, has willingly placed the seat of active power in the hands of the multitude: because there it admits of no control, no regulation, no steady direction whatever. The people are the natural control on authority; but to exercise and to control together is contradictory and impossible.

As the exorbitant exercise of power cannot, under popular sway, be effectually restrained, the other great object of political arrangement, the means of abating an excessive desire of it, is in such a state still worse provided for. The democratick commonwealth is the foodful nurse of ambition. Under the other form it meets with many restraints. Whenever, in states which have had a democratick basis, the legislators have endeavoured to put restraints upon ambition, their methods were as violent, as in the end they were ineffectual; as violent indeed as any the most jealous despotism could invent. The ostracism could not very long save itself, and much less the state which it was meant to guard, from the attempts of ambition, one of the natural inbred incurable distempers of a powerful democracy.

But to return from this short digression, which however is not wholly foreign to the question of the effect of the will of the majority upon the form of the existence of their society. I cannot too often recommend it to the serious consideration of all men, who think civil society to be within the province of moral jurisdiction, that if we owe to it any duty, it is not subject

to our will. Duties are not voluntary. Duty and will are even contradictory terms. Now, though civil society might be at first a voluntary act (which in many cases it undoubtedly was) its continuance is under a permanent standing covenant, coexisting with the society; and it attaches upon every individual of that society, without any formal act of his own. This is warranted by the general practice, arising out of the general sense of mankind. Men without their choice derive benefits from that association; without their choice they are subjected to duties in consequence of these benefits; and without their choice they enter into a virtual obligation as binding as any that is actual. Look through the whole of life and the whole system of duties. Much the strongest moral obligations are such as were never the results of our option. I allow, that if no supreme ruler exists, wise to form, and potent to enforce, the moral law, there is no sanction to any contract, virtual or even actual, against the will of prevalent power. On that hypothesis, let any set of men be strong enough to set their duties at defiance, and they cease to be duties any longer. We have but this one appeal against irresistible power:

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma,
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

Taking it for granted that I do not write to the disciples of the Parisian philosophy, I may assume that the awful authour of our being is the authour of our place in the order of existence; and that having disposed and marshalled us by a divine tactick, not according to our will, but according to his, he has, in and by that disposition, virtually subjected us to act the part which belongs to the place assigned us. We have obligations to mankind at large, which are not in consequence of any special voluntary pact. They arise from the relation of man to man, and the relation of man to God, which relations are not matters of choice. On the contrary, the force of all the pacts which we enter into with any particular person or number of persons amongst mankind, depends upon those prior obligations. In some cases the subordinate relations are voluntary, in others they are necessary—but the duties are all compulsive. When we marry, the choice is voluntary, but the duties are not matter of choice. They are dictated by the nature of the situation. Dark and inscrutable are the ways by which we come into the world. The instincts which give rise to this mysterious process of nature are not of our making. But out of physical causes, unknown to us, perhaps unknowable, arise moral duties, which, as we are able perfectly to comprehend, we are bound indispensably to perform. Parents may not be consenting to their moral relation; but consenting or not, they are bound to a long train of burthensome duties towards those with whom they have never made a convention of any sort. Children are not consenting to their relation, but their relation, without their actual consent, binds them to its duties; or rather it implies their consent, because the presumed consent of every rational creature is in unison with the predisposed order of things. Men come in that manner into a community with the social state of their parents, endowed with all the benefits, loaded with all the duties of their situation. If the social ties and ligaments, spun out of those physical relations which are the elements of the commonwealth, in most cases begin, and always continue, independently of our will, so without any stipulation on our part, we are bound by that relation called our country, which comprehends (as it has been well said) "all the charities of all."* Nor are we left without powerful instincts to make this duty as dear and grateful to us, as it is awful and coercive. Our country is not a thing of mere physical locality. It consists, in a great measure, in the ancient order into which we are

* Omnes omnium charitates patria una complectitur. Cic.

born. We may have the same geographical situation, but another country; as we may have the same country in another soil. The place that determines our duty to our country is a social, civil relation.

These are the opinions of the authour whose cause I defend. I lay them down not to enforce them upon others by disputation, but as an account of his proceedings. On them he acts; and from them he is convinced that neither he, nor any man, nor number of men, have a right (except what necessity, which is out of and above all rule, rather imposes than bestows) to free themselves from that primary engagement which every man born into a community as much contracts by his being born into it, as he contracts an obligation to certain parents by his having been derived from their bodies. The place of every man determines his duty. If you ask *Quem te Deus esse jussit?* You will be answered when you resolve this other question, *Humana qua parte locatus est in re?**

I admit, indeed, that in morals, as in all things else, difficulties will sometimes occur. Duties will sometimes cross one another. Then questions will arise, which of them is to be placed in subordination; which of them may be entirely superseded? These doubts give rise to that part of moral science called *casuistry;* which though necessary to be well studied by those who would become expert in that learning, who aim at becoming what I think Cicero somewhere calls *artifices officiorum;* it requires a very solid and discriminating judgment, great modesty and caution, and much sobriety of mind in the handling; else there is a danger that it may totally subvert those offices which it is its object only to methodize and reconcile. Duties, at their extreme bounds, are drawn very fine, so as to become almost evanescent. In that state, some shade of doubt will always rest on these questions, when they are pursued with great subtilty. But the very habit of stating these extreme cases is not very laudable or safe: because, in general, it is not right to turn our duties into doubts. They are imposed to govern our conduct, not to exercise our ingenuity; and, therefore, our opinions about them ought not to be in a state of fluctuation, but steady, sure, and resolved.

Amongst these nice, and therefore dangerous, points of casuistry may be reckoned the question so much agitated in the present hour: Whether, after the people have discharged themselves of their original power by an habitual delegation, no occasion can possibly occur which may justify the resumption of it? This question, in this latitude, is very hard to affirm or deny: but I am satisfied that no occasion can justify such a resumption, which would not equally authorize a dispensation with any other moral duty, perhaps with all of them together. However, if in general it be not easy to determine concerning the lawfulness of such devious proceedings, which must be ever on the edge of crimes, it is far from difficult to foresee the perilous consequences of the resuscitation of such a power in the people.

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* A few lines in Persius contain a good summary of all the objects of moral investigation, and hint the result of our inquiry: There human will has no place.

Quid *sumus?* et quidnam *victuri gignimur?* ordo
Quis *datus?* et *metæ* quis mollis flexus et unde?
Quis modus argento? Quid *fas optare?* Quid asper
Utile nummus habet? *Patriæ charisque propinquis*
Quantum elargiri *debet?*—Quem te Deus esse
Jussit?—et humana qua parte *locatus est* in re?

For The Port Folio.

Mrs. C. Smith is much admired by the ladies as a novelist, and not without reason. But though in this florid walk of composition, her genius is very conspicuous, we think that her poetical is still better than her prose style. Let us look at a little poem which she has just published, and see whether, under her management, a Cankered Rose does not still appear beautiful.

THE CANKERED ROSE.

As spring to summer hours gave way,
And June approach'd, beneath whose sway

My lovely Fanny saw the day
I mark'd each blossom'd bower,
And bade each plant its charms display
To crown the favour'd hour.

The favour'd hour to me so bright,
When Fanny first beheld the light,
And I should many a bloom unite,
A votive wreath to twine,
And with the lily's virgin white
More glowing hues combine.

A wreath that while I hail'd the day,
All the fond things I meant might say,
(As Indian maids their thoughts array,
By artful quipos wove,)
And fragrant symbols thus convey,
My tenderness and love.

For this I sought where long had grown
A rosary I called my own,
Whose rich unrivall'd flowers were known
The earliest to unclose,
And where I hop'd would soon be blown,
The first and fairest rose.

An infant bud there cradled lay
Mid new-born leaves, and seemed to stay
Till June should call with warmer ray
Its embryo beauty forth;
Reserved for that propitious day
That gave my Fanny birth.

At early morning's dewy hour
I watch'd it in its leafy tower,
And heard with dread the sleety shower
When eastern tempests blew,
But still unhurt my favourite flower
With fairer promise grew.

From rains and breezes sharp and bleak,
Secur'd I saw its calyx break,
And soon a lovely blushing streak
The latent bloom betray'd;
(Such colours on my Fanny's cheek
Has cunning Nature laid).

Illusive Hope! the day arriv'd,
I saw my cherish'd rose—it liv'd,
But of its early charms depriv'd,
No odours could impart,
And scarce, with sullied leaves, surviv'd
The canker at its heart.

There, unsuspected, long had fed
A noxious worm, and, mining, spread
The dark pollution on its head,
That drooping seemed to mourn
Its fragrance pure and petals red
Destroyed ere fully born.

Unfinish'd now and incomplete
My garland lay at Fanny's feet;
She smil'd—ah, could I then repeat
What youth so little knows;
How the too-trusting heart must beat
With pain, when Treachery and Deceit
In some insidious form defeat
Its fairest hopes—as cankers eat
The yet unfolded rose.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The story of Cinderella is very playfully told in verse by one of the classical contributors to The Anti-Jacobin.

So, the sad victim of domestick spite,
Fair Cinderella past the wintery night,
In the lone chimney's darksome nook immured,
Her form disfigured and her charms obscured.
Sudden her godmother appears in sight,
Lifts the charmed rod, and chants the mystick rite;
The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,
And feels new earrings deck her list'ning ears;
While, 'mid her towering tresses aptly set,
Shines bright, with quivering glance, the smart Aigrette;
Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,
And the glass slipper grasps her fairy feet:
Six cock-tail'd mice transport her to the ball,
And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

SONG.

Tight lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so sightly
As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true;
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so tightly,
The forecastle's pride, and delight of the crew!

But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters
He went, though his fortune was kind without end;
For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a friend.

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a rat,
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.

My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should rock her,
Though she roll in misfortune and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out, he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry,
" spite of their crosses,
And forgetful of toil that so hardly they
bore,
That sailors at sea, earn their money like
horses,
To squander it idly like asses ashore."

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could
they measure,
By their feelings, the gen'rous delight with-
out end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of
pleasures,
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

Why what 's all this nonsense they talk of,
and pother
About rights of man? what a plague are they
at?
If they mean that each man to his mess-
mate's a brother,
Why the lubberly swabs, every fool can tell
that.

The rights of us Britons we know to be loyal,
In our country's defence, our last moments
to spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood
royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a
friend.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our new correspondent and name-sake is requested to peruse the following passage from a truly original writer. The poetry is sweet and the philosophy admirable.

I note sometimes in thee, dear *Joe*,
And, faith, I'm griev'd to find it so,
A sneaking love of gold:
T'were worth a groat to know how first
Avarice so free a bosom curst;
I fear me thou grow'st old.

But shall I tell thee how I heard
A Bishop, with a sapient beard,
This folly once deride?
He said, indeed he *prov'd* it too,
That Nature's *real* wants were few
And easily supplied.

Then d—n it—'sblood thou mak'st one swear,
Why all this toil to split a hair,
And swell a useless heap?
When thou might'st glide along at ease,
No bairns to breed, no wife to please,
And live like me, dog cheap.

Believe me, Joe, youth wanes apace,
And see already every Grace
On tiptoe to be gone;
For hoary Age, with wrinkled mein
That scares each charm as soon as seen,
Is hobbling briskly on.

Oh! then adieu to soft delights,
To careless days and amorous nights;
And hours of sweet repose.
Anxiety succeeds, and Pain
That shuts the languid eye in vain
Nor rest nor slumber knows.

The vicissitudes of which "Sensitive" complains are inevitable. It is so in nature; it is so in life. *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo*, says Horace, and a Scottish lady somewhere exclaims in a tone of the deepest despondency,

I have seen the Morning with gold the hills
adorning,
And loud tempests storming before middle
day;
I have seen Tweed's silver streams shining
in sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on
their way.

We can refer our correspondent to another lyrick bard for a similar sentiment:

Dost thou repine, man? mark the rose,
At morn, with vernal tints it glows,
And breathes its sweets around;
At eve, behold it pale and dead,
To beauty lost, its fragance fled,
And withering on the ground.

Mark too the Morn: now full and fair,
She shines, and Earth and Sea and Air
Smile in the yellow gleam;
Anon her glories disappear,
And not a Star that gilds the sphere
But yields a brighter beam.

But let it be remembered that growling thunder is succeeded by genial softness, and that from our natural love of variety life becomes more interesting from eternal change.

The tone of "Hilario" is in unison with George Colman's jovial muse.

That life is a journey no mortal disputes,
Then we'll liquor our brains, boys, instead
of our boots;
And each toper shall own, on life's road as
he reels,
That a spur in the head is worth two on the
heels.

"K" who has written on diffidence, has *modest* merit, and we shall be happy to encourage it again.

To "Mortimer" we render our thanks for a very elegant essay on the

fortunes or rather the *misfortunes* of men of genius. The subject is vast, interesting, and curious; and our correspondent has handled it with equal adroitness and sensibility.

Of "Peregrine" we shall make no *stranger*; or if we meet him in that guise, as a stranger we shall give him welcome.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

ELEGY

On the Death of a female friend.

Ah me! how silent is this midnight hour,
How sad the thoughts that chase the balm of sleep,
Whilst faithful Memory with her magick power,
Recals the lovely friend for whom I weep.

The friend for whom, when Youth and Pleasure smil'd,
My artless Muse so fondly loved to sing,
Whose converse sweet, each transient care beguil'd,
And gave new charms to Youth and Nature's Spring.

But those are past, chill Autumn fades the year,
And Sorrow presses on my aching heart;
Relentless Death beheld his victim near,
And aim'd too surely his envenom'd dart.

Then though no more I court the sportive Muse,
Nor with her flowrets seek to strew my way,
This once I ask, let not the Nine refuse
Their inspiration to my plaintive lay.

For oh! thou dear, though transient source of joy,
To tempt thy stay in vain Affection tries;
Not thy lov'd husband; not thine infant boy,
Could long detain thee from thy native skies.

The sweet companion of my happiest hours,
The cherish'd treasure of a mother's heart;
Thine was each tender name that life endears,
And thine each charm that nature could impart.

And oh! how fondly have I loved to trace
The soften'd radiance of that eye benign,
Whilst the sweet smile of that expressive face,
Most surely beam'd a ray of love divine.

Yet ne'er reflected that so fair a mind,
Such warm benevolence, such perfect love,
Not long to earth's low vale could be confin'd,
An exile from her kindred train above.

But he who gave that mind its every grace,
Who saw, well pleas'd, that she was pure in heart,
Hath said that such shall see his sacred face,
And from his presence never shall depart.

Then henceforth let each murmur be suppress'd,
My heart be grateful such a friend was given,
Through life she shone the fairest and the best,
Then early found acceptance in the courts of Heaven.

EPIGRAMS.

I know the thing that 's most uncommon:
Envy, be silent and attend!
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.
Not warped by passion, and by rumour,
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.
Has she no fault then? Malice says, sir,
Yes, she has one I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman 's deaf and does not hear.

—

On a young lady walking in publick, with her breasts nearly uncovered.

As pedlars, to allure the passers by,
Display their goods to catch the wandering eye;
So you, mistaken maid, lay ope your breast,
And think that sight will recommend the rest;
But, prithee, let it henceforth be conceal'd,
For charms like yours tempt most when least reveal'd.

—

A GOOSE'S REASON.

A goose, my grannam one day said
Entering a barn, pops down its head,
I begged her then the cause to show:
She told me she must wave the task:
For nothing but a goose would ask
What nothing but a goose could know.

—

Pollio, who values nothing that 's within,
Buys books, like beavers—only for their skin.

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